

Natural Talent by forever_bright

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Bottom Steve, Groping, I mean it's pretty mild but it's there, M/M, Semi-Public Sex, Steve's Sexual Frustration, Teasing, Verbal Humiliation

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-11-12

Updated: 2017-11-12

Packaged: 2022-04-02 14:48:10

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,229

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Billy decides to have some fun with Steve in the carpark.

Natural Talent

Author's Note:

I asked for some smutty ideas on Tumblr and hopefully this includes a few of them.

(also there might be some mistakes in this because i'm exahusted, I'll try to fix it up tomorrow)

Billy treated Steve like he treated his car – unequivocally belonged to him, only given the best treatment and absolutely nobody else got a ride.

The strange thing was that Steve didn't mind. Actually, he liked it. In fact, he loved it so much if felt like his brain had been reduced to an incoherent mess by the amount of hormones that were flooding it. He couldn't think about school or friend or monsters, because his whole world had been narrowed to Billy Hargrove and the things he did to Steve.

He and Billy were standing behind Billy's car at the end of the school parking lot, and Billy had started touching him even as they pretended to keep chatting normally at visible head height. The other boy had started off with a hand on Steve's side, casually fingers flicking and pinching at Steve's nipples until they were hard and visible under his t-shirt. Billy had always been very happy to touch Steve's body like he owned it and the way he could play with him while talking fluently about a bullshit history assignment was impressive, considering Steve could barely manage to form verbal replies. Then Billy had slid the hand down the back of Steve's jeans to his ass and squeezed it.

"If I told you to get on your knees right now and suck me off, would you do it?" asked Billy, his rough fingers gripping Steve's ass and using it to pull him forward against Billy's body. There was the sound of some other students laughing three cars over and all Steve could think about was the way Billy's thumb was nudging suggestively between his ass cheeks.

“Earth to Harrington,” smirked Billy. He knew exactly what he was doing, his hand hot against Steve’s skin. “I said would you get on your knees and put my dick in your mouth right now.”

“Probably,” said Steve, his voice rough, and Billy raised his eyebrows with mock incredulity. He rubbed his thumb deliberately over Steve’s hole and the muscles in Steve’s thighs quivered. Steve grabbed onto Billy’s biceps for support and he had to duck his head a little because Billy’s smug expression was too much. “Okay, yeah.”

“Of course you would,” agreed Billy in a cheerful tone. The car two down from them turned on and the sound of the engine made Steve jump, aware that he was letting Billy’s Hargrove play with his ass about fifteen feet away from their classmates. Billy’s pressed the tip of his finger against Steve’s entrance, just enough for him to feel it begin to give way, and Steve shuddered. “Would you beg me for it?”

“What,” asked Steve, his brain turned mostly to mush by Billy’s teasing touches, still so aware of the people walking to their cars nearby and Billy’s fingers and Nancy lingering over by the school entrance. Billy raised his other hand and gave one Steve’s nipples a flick to focus his attention.

“Would you beg to suck me off?” said Billy, and he suddenly gave Steve one of his lop-sided, cocky smiles, “What about if I promised to finally fuck you, baby?”

Billy had been teasing him for weeks. Steve had never been with a guy before and Billy was oddly insistent that they didn’t rush into sex, saying that he wanted Steve to be completely desperate for it and completely sure it was what he wanted. He had tested out Steve’s resolve by touching him, teasing him and getting his fingers inside Steve’s ass at every opportunity for the last two weeks. Steve no longer had any doubts – he needed Billy to fuck him so badly he basically thought about nothing else while he was awake, and while he didn’t ever remember his dreams he woke up with enough ruined sheets to think he was probably dreaming about it at well.

“Seriously,” asked Steve and his voice was pathetically hopefully. He pushed forward, pressing himself against Billy, looking for friction against Billy’s hard body. He’d momentarily forgotten to worry about

what it looked like, if any one was watching, all he cared about was getting off and finally getting more.

“Maybe,” shrugged Billy, and he was doing a good job of sounding unaffected, but Steve could feel how hard his dick was and the hand still cupping Steve’s ass was hot and possessive, “but only if you beg.”

Steve quickly glanced around and they’d been at this long enough that it was nearly empty around the carpark. Every car nearby had left and Steve risked leaning in until his lips were nearly touching Billy’s.

“Fuck you,” he said lowly and was rewarded with Billy’s nails digging into his skin, “and may I pretty please suck your dick.”

Billy laughed, his eyes warm and his lips twisted as he pretended to think about it. Then he abruptly pulled his hand out of Steve’s pants and stepped off, leaving Steve to automatically reach for the car to keep himself standing.

“Such a slut, Harrington,” said Billy. Steve glared at him, knowing he looked a flushed and desperate mess, but Billy didn’t really look that much better. “We’re at school, man, how desperate are you?”

Steve had used to think that being called a slut was an insult, but he now found it was his favourite complement that Billy gave him.

“Were you serious?” he asked, his chest heaving a little from the insane beating of his heart over the last five minutes. His head didn’t feel quite clear yet, still soaked in desperation and whatever other chemicals were produced when someone had their hand down your pants and nearly inside you.

“About what?” asked Billy, pulling out his smokes and acting like he didn’t know. He loved playing this game.

“Billy,” breathed Steve, warning and needy and so fucking done with being teased. Billy lit up his cigarette and walked around to the driver’s side of the car, pulling out the moment, but then he turned and looked at Steve over the hood of the Camaro.

“Yeah, I was serious,” he said and he’d finally stopped playing. Billy’s

eyes were dark and he blew some smoke across towards Steve, his gaze taking in the details of Steve's undeniably desperate expression. "I didn't think you'd want it so bad, Harrington, but it really seems like you're just a natural at taking dick. So get in the fucking car, because I'm sick of waiting."

Steve could have cheered, punched the air, but instead he just grinned at Billy and pulled open the door. He slid into the front seat at the same time as Billy and soon the engine was roaring. Billy was settled back in his seat and he moved the stick into reverse, but paused before letting off the brake. His gaze moved over to Steve.

"You drive me fuckin' crazy, you know," he said, the words muttered around the cigarette in his mouth. Steve smiled again, not quite sure what to say because they never really said these things, and then he reached over to slid a hand between Billy's legs, squeezing his still semi-hard dick.

"You better be good in the sack after all this," Steve joked and Billy let out a huff of laughter as he reached for the brake, the car shooting backwards as Steve kept his hand over the front of Billy's jeans.